

To him: Bun, take him Bun: Or,
The hunting of the Conney.

To the tune of, To him Bunne, &c.



Great Mars and Venus,
Upon a time meeting
In Cupids shady bower,
After some long time
Many words were said then,
But their chief argument
Was how that Summers day,
Should be in pleasure spent:
He said Warres, Battles and Furies,
These she denied.
Neither spake first each soft,
Nor she replied.
Let your Hound range some ground,
And swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
But doe not swallow him.

Let Apollo please,
Mars has contented,
The shepherds have agreed,
To be contented:
Plucke a beam, swarms the streames,
And see Olympo doe barke them,
To asple with their locks,
And give to maies them;
Let your Hound range some ground,
And swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
And doe not swallow him.

Lora with flowers sweet,
Spred all the Mountaines,
Hills were fresh and greene,
Swift ranne the Mountaines:
Phylomel sweetly sung,
To entertaine the Spring,
On each branch sits a Bird,
making the Groves to ring:
Pan pipeth on his Reede,
Whilst that his Lambs doe play,
Every thing seems to spring,
welcoming pleasant May.
Let your Hound range some ground,
and swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
but doe not swallow him.

Forth went the Countrey Youthes,
every one leading
His nimblest footed Dogge,
over the Lawnes treading:
Through each bush doe they rush,
and open way doth make,
A Hunters path is free,
be it through Brake or Lake,
Over Willow Dale,
with shout and hollow,
Whilst that their nimble Hounds,
pooze Bunne doth follow.
Let your Hound range some ground,
and swiftly follow him,
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and doe not swallow him.

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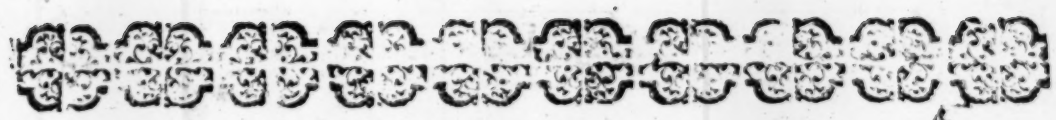


Great Mars and Venus,
Upon a time meeting
In Cupids shady bower
After some long sitting:
Many words passed then,
But their chief argument
Was how that Summers day,
Should be in pleasure spent:
He said Warres, Battles and Tares,
These she denied.
Neither spake first each soft,
Nor she replied.
Let your Hound range some ground,
And swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
But doe not swallow him.

Let Apollo please,
Mars his content,
Let the shepherds and agreed,
To be his content:
Plucke a beam, swarms the streames,
And let Olympo doe bar them,
To as they with their locks,
And give to maies them;
Let the gods give consent,
In sports should sport and play,
And not be content lost,
Keeping it out of play.
Let your Hound range some ground,
And swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
And doe not swallow him.

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The second part, to the same tune.



Q Noth one the match is made,
now there's no flinching,
In not give out for nought,
Hang by all pinching:
Since w're within the Chale,
wrele hure about Lad,
Encourage by thy Dogge,
why dost thou your Lad,
faire playe the see thee haue,
the Bunne faint not,
Pretty Bunne stably runne,
and see thou playe not.
Let your Hound range some ground
and swiftly follow him:
Hunt the Bun, take the Bun,
but doe not swallow him.



For all the while she maye,
quickly they caught her,
And fall low on the ground,
sobbing piteously:
She did quake, they did quake,
thus they did Bunne,
Hard hearted Hounds to ble,
to a poore Conny:
Hunters came in apace,
to see the slaughter,
And each one did reioyce,
that they had caught her.
Let your Hound range some ground,
and swiftly follow him:
Hunt the Bun, take the Bun,
and doe not swallow him.

Mimic the leapes and skips,
of Hill and Valley,
Holes he takes, creeps through bushes,
seeming to dally:
Cries of Hounds makes the grounds,
eccho like Thunder:
Making each silly beast
mazed with wonder:
Take the Earth, let not death
so soon overtake thee,
For if he catch the Bun,
hele soundly wake thee.
Let your Hound range some ground,
and swiftly follow him:
Hunt the Bun, take the Bun,
and doe not swallow him.

This being done, then the Sunne
Westward declined,
And pale-fac't Cynthia,
in the East shined:
Every man with a Leash,
by his Dogge tied,
And when their sport was done,
homeward they hied:
So farewell, yet a Knell,
The ring for Bunne,
Which was a harmlesse beast,
poore pretty Conny,
Ding dong ding thus I ring,
poore Bun is buried,
That with so many Doggs,
was at once wred. *Finit.*
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